

# The Daily Astorian.

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## GUITEAU'S LAST HOURS.

Scenes at the Scaffold.

WASHINGTON, Friday, June 30, 1882.

At daylight this morning, through the kindness of prison officials, I was permitted to see Guiteau. The sun was peeping over the hills to the east of the prison, lighting its somber walls. A mist hung over the turbid waters of the eastern branch of the Potomac and hid from view the poisonous marsh that lines its shores. The assassin had slept but little during the night. A crazy woman had kept everybody at the jail awake with her cries, and Guiteau was in no mood for resting. Between 2 and 5 A. M. he dozed at brief intervals, but he was in a condition of nervous excitement that prevented him from sleeping. Attired in his undershirt and drawers he paced back and forth within the bounds of his cell like a tiger in his cage. He frequently tossed his hands forward with an expression of vehement rage, and snarls as a cat whines when playing with a mouse. His eyes glowed with excitement and they were set far back in his head with black lines surrounding. The skin was drawn over the cheek bones like a stretched parchment and his fingers worked convulsively as he placed them upon the bars and faced his visitors. Before a word was said he burst forth in a volley of expletives, cursing President Arthur, Justice Bradley, Warden Crocker, District Attorney Corkhill and other officials who had conspired to bring about his execution and imprisonment. He called upon Almighty God to curse and kill them, and became so violent in his expressions of rage that we had to leave the corridor. About six o'clock Guiteau sat down to breakfast. He started in with an apparent good appetite, but it was evident he was feigning an unconcern he did not feel, and his stomach refused to sustain him in the attempt to deceive, for after hurriedly swallowing a few mouthfuls he dropped his knife and fork and stopped in his meal. He vainly essayed in a moment after to complete his repast, but could only nibble at the things on the table and soon gave up in disgust. He jumped up from the table and then proposed to take his usual morning walk, but the deputy warden at first refused to permit him to do so. This threw him into another paroxysm of rage, and he became very violent and launched forth into a tirade against the jail officials. At length the warden allowed him to take his walk. He tramped up and down for a few minutes, and tiring of his exercise, went back to his cell. There he affected to busy himself in writing, and had another visit from Dr. Hicks. At 10:20 he took his bath and dressed himself for the execution. Dr. Hicks after his visit said that when he left Guiteau the latter was calm, being thoroughly sustained by his idea of inspiration. When he first entered the cell the assassin wept copiously and explained the tears and emotion by saying that he was filled with joy at the prospect of the nearness of relief from his persecutors. Yesterday afternoon prior to Mrs. Seville's visit to the jail, she sent him a bouquet which without knowledge of the warden or his deputy was carried into the cell. Deputy Warden Rush passed through the corridor soon afterward and noticing the bouquet he asked who had given it to him. "My sister," curtly replied the assassin. The warden was about to pass on when he concluded the bouquet was worthy of examination and took it from the cell. It was handed to Dr. Wil-

liams, the jail physician, who carefully examined the flowers and declared that they had been drugged, impregnated with some poison. He took the bouquet to a chemist for analysis, and at this writing it has not been returned to jail. Enterprising vendors of lemonade, peanuts and cakes set up their booths under the shade of the trees and did a thriving business with the hot and thirsty crowd. The roads leading to the prison were thronged with stragglers of all ages, sex and conditions. One old cripple whose legs had been amputated below the knees hobbled along on a pair of wooden pegs. Colored men and women composed the greater part of the spectators, and as the space in front of the jail was gradually filled the seers placed themselves on the sandy hills in front of the jail and enduring the excessive heat prepared to wait until the announcement of the hanging should be made public. Guiteau showed great nervousness and appeared greatly startled when he heard the rattle of muskets on the stone floor of the rotunda, and from that moment Guiteau appeared thoroughly overcome with emotion, wept freely and seemed to be in great anguish. The scene in the rotunda, while waiting for the prisoner, was one long to be remembered. Soldiers were drawn on one side, and a long line of spectators facing them on the other. It was understood that Guiteau was very much depressed, and it was expected that his passage to the gallows would present a very distressing sight. The movement of the officers about the jail door was watched with eager attention. After the death warrant had been read by the warden the prisoner became more composed, and turning away began to brush his hair. At 12:31 a loud steam whistle was blown at the workhouse, which is near the jail. This whistle usually blows at 12 o'clock, and by it Guiteau was in the habit of gauging time. The delay to-day was by special arrangement, so that its startling summons might not come before the officers were ready. Two minutes later the iron gates at the end of the corridor clicked, and then Warden Crocker made his appearance and a moment later the familiar face of Guiteau was seen. The face was pallid and the muscles around the mouth moved nervously; other than this there was no sign of faltering. The procession moved quickly to the scaffold and Guiteau ascended the somewhat steep steps with as much steadiness as could be expected from a man whose arms were tightly pinioned. At the last step he faltered for a moment and was assisted by officers who walked up on either side. Upon reaching the platform was Guiteau placed immediately behind the drop facing the front of the scaffold. Capt. Coleman stood upon the right, Robert Strong upon his left, and Woodward directly behind him. Jones took a position on the north side, near the upright of the beam, and Warden Crocker took his position at the southeast corner of the construction. There was a slight delay while spectators were pushing and jostling through the door leading from the rotunda to the corridor at the lower end of which the gallows was placed, and Guiteau meanwhile gazed upon the crowd, looked upon the beam over his head and quickly made a survey of all the dread paraphernalia. As soon as the crowd gained access General Crocker waved them to uncover and all heads were bared. Dr. Hicks then

prayed in these words: "Father, out of the depths we cry to thee. Hear our supplication for the sake of Jesus Christ, the Savior who made full propitiation for us. Behold this thy servant. We humbly pray thou wilt deliver him at this supreme moment of his life. Let thy light descend upon him and liberate his soul from his person. May he appear before you absolved by thy great mercy. From blood-guiltiness deliver him and us. Christ have mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Amen and amen." During the prayer Guiteau stood with bowed head. At the conclusion Dr. Hicks opened the Bible and Guiteau in firm tones said: "I will read a selection from the 10th chapter of Matthew, from the 28th to the 11st verses, inclusive." He then read in a clear strong voice and with good intonation, showing little if any nervousness. Dr. Hicks then produced the manuscript which was prepared by the prisoner this morning, and held it before him while Guiteau read. While Dr. Hicks was arranging the manuscript Guiteau exhibited slight nervousness and moved several times from one foot to the other. He soon recovered his composure and looked over the sea of upturned faces. "I am now going to read to you my last dying prayer." He then read in a loud tone and with distinct and deliberate emphasis the following: "MY LAST PRAYER ON THE GALLIES." "Father, now I go to Thee and the Savior. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do, and I am only too happy to go to Thee. The world does not appreciate my mission, but Thou knowest it. Thou knowest Thou didst inspire Garfield's removal, and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence that the inspiration came from Thee, and I have set it forth in my book, that all men may know that Thou, Father, didst the act for which I am murdered. This government and nation, by this act, I know will incur the eternal enmities as did the Jews by killing my man, my Savior. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp, and I know the Divine law of retribution will strike this nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolical system of this nation, its government and the newspapers toward me, will justify Thee in cursing them, and I know that the Divine law of retribution is inexorable. I therefore predict this nation will go down in blood, and my murderers from executive to hangmen, will go to hell. Thy laws are inexorable. Oh, Thou Supreme Judge. Woe unto the men that violate Thy laws; only weeping and gnashing of teeth awaits them. The American press has a large bill to settle with Thee, righteous Father, for their vindictiveness in this matter. Nothing but blood will satisfy them, and now my blood be on them and this nation and its officials. Arthur, the president, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that made him and saved his party and land from overthrow has no parallel in history; but thou, righteous Father, will judge him. Father, Thou knowest me, but the world hath not known me, and now I go to Thee, Savior, without the slightest ill toward a human being. Farewell, ye men of earth." At several points he paused and endeavored to impart increased emphasis to his words by the pec-

uliar facial expressions so often heard during his trial when he was angered at something which was said or done. This was peculiarly noticeable when he alluded to President Arthur and when he declared that this nation "would go down in blood." Attendants then pinioned his legs and carefully adjusted the noose about his neck. Mr. Strong placed the black cap over his head, and as he did so Guiteau called out, "glory, glory, glory." Instantly the trap was sprung. The body turned partly around, but there was not the slightest perceptible motion of the limbs. When the drop fell a yell was sent up by some persons inside the jail. This was re-echoed outside by a thousand or more people who hurraed lustily. There was a general onslaught of the populace on the jail doors. Officers were unable to withstand it, and hundreds of people crowded into the office. For at least forty seconds after the drop fell the body hung motionless. Then there was a slight motion of the shoulders and legs due to muscular contraction. Three minutes after the drop fell the body was lowered to be examined by physicians. There was decided action of the heart fully 14 minutes, and the pulse fluttered two minutes longer. When the body had hung with feet just touching the ground over half an hour, it was lowered into a coffin which was waiting for it under the scaffold. Physicians decided the neck had been broken. When the body was lowered the black cap was removed and face exposed. The features were pallid and composed. About the mouth was considerable moisture. After the body had been arranged in the coffin Warden Crocker ascended the steps of the scaffold and addressing the crowd said: "Those who desired could view the body." Then a crowd of spectators was formed into a line and passed between the scaffold and wall of the jail and viewed the remains. Some jail officers, two or three physicians and Dr. Hicks, stood about the coffin. John W. Guiteau joined the company and fanned his dead brother's face to keep away the flies. John W. Guiteau did not go on the scaffold, but stood during the scene just within the line of officers at the bottom of the steps. When liberty was given to the crowd to view the body the scaffold was at once filled with people who curiously examined every joint and bolt. Young men having unfortunately contracted diseases, poisoning the blood, can find nothing better to regain health than Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. "Hackmatack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by W. E. Dement.



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**Notice**  
The Astoria Shirt and Oil Clothing Factory has moved next house to O'Brien's Hotel. Persons wishing good oil clothing to keep them dry will please call.  
A writer in the New York Evening Post relates an interesting anecdote of the late Dr. John F. Gray, the father of homeopathy in that State. A poor sewing girl who went to Dr. Gray for advice, was given a phial of medicine and told to go home, and to be bed. "I can't do that, Doctor," the girl replied, "for what I am dependent on what I earn every day for my living." "If that is so," said Dr. Gray, "I'll change the medicine a little. Give back me the phial." He then wrapped around it a \$10 bill, and returning it to her, reiterated his order, "Go home and go to bed," adding, "Take the medicine, cover and all."  
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